

Roller Skating, it's the new Laundry



This is how it happened: I was working on a story for the Register on The OC Roller Girls, and after attending a couple of practices and going to a few Roller Derby bouts, I started to get smitten with skating. Though not enough to be a roller derby girl, PLEASE ...me? I have weak ankles and a well-developed fear of girls pushing me to the ground. But roller skating...remember roller skating?

I grew up in Huntington Beach and in the early '80s I spent most of my time applying my roll-on lip gloss, feathering my hair, and skating to Earth, Wind & Fire at the Holiday Roller Rink in Fountain Valley. No girl was more dedicated to her roller skates than me. Every weekend I was there, the scent of Love's Baby Soft permeating from my satin jacket and rainbow shirt. I had my own white skates with big yellow wheels AND I had the '80s version of flair-pom-poms.

Yes, some of it was about the boys, but a lot of it was about the pom-poms.

Now, I'm a wife and mother of two kids—how can I work roller skating into my life? My friends will surely roll their eyes and toss the idea in to the growing heap of “things Suz got all excited about and quickly forgot.” (That heap has cost me a bundle.) But, when I mentioned it to them they wanted to join in, and when I wrote about it on my personal blog, I got a huge response from moms all around the country. THEY WANTED ROLLER SKATES! Geesh! Okay then.

I ordered my roller skates and my husband got me the pom-poms for our anniversary. Here they are...

My new roller skates.



Now, to find a place to skate. I ended up with a girlfriend of mine and our daughters at The Holiday Roller Rink in Orange one Saturday morning for a quick lesson and then open skate. After my first spin around the rink it felt like my skates and I had never parted—it was just like 1981 again. My girlfriend who hadn't been on her skates in (ahem) a long time, too, was having the same “Peggy Sue Got Married” moment. As we heartlessly lapped our struggling seven-year-olds we sunk deeper and deeper into a nostalgic trance.

The whole rink experience is largely unchanged and really geeky. They still do the hokey pokey, play Redlight/Greenlight, and blast Queen's “We will rock you” as everyone stomps their skates to the beat. Just to clarify, when I say “really geeky,” I mean “totally awesome.”

I admit, I did feel a little silly breaking out my skates in Newport this past weekend to skate while my son rode his bike down the bike path. I mean, I am “of a certain age” when cute can be translated, to some, as pathetic, or just plain dorky. I did contemplate walking instead. But then I thought more about it and as I laced-up, fastened my hot pink helmet and straightened my “Hello Kitty” t-shirt I said (to myself), “This really makes me happy. I'm really beside myself with flippin' happiness right now.” And if being (fine, I'll say it) 40 years old has taught me anything, it's “Take any ‘happy’ you can get.”

Great, now I really sound like a biddy, but it's true. I don't care if roller skating comes across as a clear grasp at my fleeting youth, I'm going to do it anyway—with flair!

Here's a video I made about my new passion: I Got a Brand New Pair of Roller Skates.

More embarrassing & immature behavior from me:

- *A little too happy about a happy meal toy.*
- *10 things mommy wishes she could stop doing.*
- *Honey, I'm going to have to write you up for tonight's dinner.*

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